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A TASTE FOR THE SPURIOUS.

THE generation that is now passing away had not much musical taste, or higher aspirations than could be satisfied by the display of a well-turned arm upon the harp, or of a set of taper fingers on the pianoforte. In our own as in almost every other art, the beginning of the present century marks an epoch of gross darkness, soon to be dispelled by the dawn of that artistic renaissance in the full noon of which we are now living. But such musical taste as our fathers had, presents one feature which is interesting from the very difficulty of accounting for its existence, and which is worth examining before it reaches the limbo where all things are forgotten.

Is there any musician whose artistic nurture has been so happily exclusive that he has never been compelled to sit by while his female relatives enlivened the monotony of an "evening at home" by playing "Beethoven's waltzes" (first syllable of the name to be pronounced as in *beetroot*) with "Weber's last waltz" by way of a change? Those whom kindly fortune has not removed from the sphere of such performances must have often pondered over the curious decadence of the great masters—that is to say, if they believed the title-pages on which these names were found—and given thanks to a beneficent providence for the removal of Weber from the earthly scene before he perpetrated any more waltzes on the pattern of his "last." Some few nephews and brothers, bolder than the rest, or gifted with a stronger discernment of musical characteristics may have attempted to discredit the titles, wondering whether Weber knew that he was not going to write any more waltzes, and so called the feeble effusion in A flat his "last waltz." They may have even had the courage, backed by an acquaintance with the sonatas of Beethoven, to express their doubt as to the authenticity of the waltzes commonly known by his name, and the still more insipid "Adieu to the pianoforte," from internal evidence. If this were the case, fresh in their memories must be the stern though merely verbal castigation they received from the aunt who spent the bright hours of her youth in learning to hammer out the jingling chords under the impression that the great Beethoven, whose other compositions repelled her by what she doubtless would call their "classicality," had condescended to write them for the benefit of such performers as herself. "Of course they are Beethoven's," she would say, "it says so on the outside; how can you doubt it, when the name is printed on them?" The only answer is a reference to the thematic catalogue, and even that is sometimes not sufficient. She will prefer thinking that the author of that compendious work was misinformed to confessing her favourite piece to be the work perhaps of Reissiger, or some such obscure composer.

On the writer we have just mentioned, a good share of obloquy must rest. The sentimental "Weber's last waltz" is almost undoubtedly his, and it is no less certain that it would long ago have been forgotten had it not been for the famous name on the title.

The curious part of the phenomenon is not the mere fact of the acceptance of these spurious compositions as works of the men whose names they bear, but the very general preference given to them above the genuine productions of the great masters. "Very general," we say, meaning, of course, in the circle in which such things are in vogue at all. The amateur of the present day knows very well that the pieces we have mentioned are worthless in comparison with the sonatas of either master. But his ancestresses still cleave to their old prejudices, and will by no means give up their favourites. The explanation seems to be that the names of the great composers are indeed revered among them, but that it is mere lip-service, for at the bottom of their hearts these good ladies prefer what is bad to what is good—a principle of

almost universal application—and amongst the genuine works of any composer they will always pick out for preference the weakest productions. What really satisfies them is the combination of the great names with music that, as they say, "they can understand." It is the same in the other arts: witness the position held in sculpture by the Belvidere Apollo and the Medicean Venus until quite recent years, when the lateness of their origin was established beyond a doubt. Another influence which helps to cause this liking for what is spurious is the desire to play what nobody else plays—such a desire being a characteristic passion of the old-fashioned amateur, and arising no doubt from a consciousness of inferiority in performance, and the consequent shrinking from a competition which must be disadvantageous. In later years the craving has shown itself in a new way, in the shape of a demand for garbled transcriptions of some specially melodious subject in a great work. The most glaring of these is a heinous production with the fancy title of "Beethoven's Pensée Divine," which is an arrangement of the theme of the slow movement in the B flat trio. Needless to say the ingenious perpetration has removed every trace of Beethovenish character, presenting the melody in a guise that is within the capacity of the most illiterate performers and listeners. To yet another class of infamous travesties belong certain songs produced by fitting words to some well-known instrumental melody, and cutting and shuffling the accompaniments and interludes with an ease and impertinence beyond all belief. An old instance is a horrible song, published under the name of Schubert, which is founded upon the melody of his Impromptu in A flat; and a more recent case was complained of by Mr. Sedley Taylor, in the last number of *The Musical World*.

There is another phase of this morbid taste for the spurious in which a slighter blame attaches to those by whom the shams are perpetrated. Not so many years ago, when public interest began to be awakened in the music of Bach, a song was produced as his, to words beginning, "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken?" It was eagerly caught up, for the melody is very taking, and the sentiment of the words pretty. Those who ventured to say that it bore no resemblance whatever to any known work of Bach's, nor any mark of his style, were laughed at, and the song passed everywhere as a genuine work of the master's. Since the publication of Dr. Spitta's biography, in which the whole story of its composition by an otherwise unknown "Giovannini," and its insertion in Frau Anna Magdalena Bach's music-book, is unveiled, people have hesitated to say more in their programmes than "attributed to Bach"; while Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, at their vocal recitals, have the courage to give the name of the real composer, though docked of its final syllable. It will be interesting to see whether the gradual dispersion of the myth attaching to it will have any appreciable effect upon the public mind. It is at least probable that there will be some such effect, although the song has great charms of its own. *Apropos* of Bach, we can hardly pass by without remark the fact that a great publishing firm places the name of John Sebastian Bach upon the motet, "I wrestle and pray," which is known by musicians to be the work of his great-uncle, Johann Christoph Bach.

We allude finally to the so-called "Schubert's L'Addio." Its history is briefly as follows:—A certain August Heinrich von Weyrauch wrote the song to other words, and published it himself in 1824. Sixteen years afterwards it appeared amongst a number of Schubert's songs in Paris; and finally, in 1843, it was thrown upon the German market by the strange means of one of Döhler's transcriptions, and so has worked its way into the inferior English editions and selections. The curious part of it is, that it is not a particularly good song, nor is it the least like Schubert's other works; so that

its popularity is quite as difficult to account for as that of "Weber's last waltz," or "Beethoven's Adieu to the Piano." Its celebrity may be taken to prove that some of us have as yet advanced but a little way beyond the excellent dames to whom reference was made, and that it will take some time before we emerge from our morbid "taste for the spurious"

HISTORY OF THE PRIMA DONNA.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS

(Continued from page 101.)

Lavinia Fenton ought not perhaps to be classed with *prime donne*. But she married an English duke and cannot therefore be treated as a person of doubtful merit. She was not the Adelina Patti, but rather the Florence St. John of her time; very pretty, very captivating, and quite as successful by her dramatic as by her musical talent. She sang at a very early age, and before she had learned to read was able to sing with charming expression all the popular airs of the day. She was duly sent to school, but only until the age of thirteen, when she returned home to study music and singing. She had a passion for the stage, and at the age of eighteen came out at the Haymarket as Monimia, in the *Orphan*. A permanent salary was at once offered to her, and such was the effect of her beauty and grace that propositions of everything except marriage were made to her from the most distinguished quarters. Soon after her first appearance she made a striking success in the attractive part of Cherry, in Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*. An engagement at increased terms was now pressed upon her by Rich, the manager of a rival theatre; and the extravagantly liberal offer of fifteen shillings a week was found so tempting as to be irresistible. Lavinia had only been a couple of years on the stage when, in 1728, the *Beggar's Opera* was put into rehearsal, the principal female part being assigned to the rising actress and singer of the day. It had occurred to Swift what an "odd, pretty sort of thing" a Newgate pastoral would make. Gay, to whom these words were addressed, thought the matter over, and decided not at all to Swift's satisfaction, to carry out the idea in the form, not of a pastoral, but of a comedy with songs. Pope seems to have been of the same opinion as Swift. But they were both greatly interested in the welfare of their light-minded friend (whom Providence, as Swift put it, "had never intended to be more than two-and-twenty"), and as he seemed determined to go on with the work they occasionally gave him advice, and even wrote for him a few songs. "When you censure the age," has at least been attributed to Swift. "As the modes of the Court" was said to be the work of Lord Chesterfield, and "Virgins are like the flower," that of Sir Charles Williams. Gay offered the *Beggar's Opera* in the first instance to Congreve, the lessee of Drury Lane, who declined, however, to bring it out. He was of opinion that it would "either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly," and seems to have thought the chances about equal. The part of Captain Macheath—to be associated at a later period with tenors of the first rank, like Mr. Sims Reeves—was originally undertaken by the comedian Quin, who though he was equal to a convivial song, had no claim to be considered a vocalist. After a few rehearsals, however, Quin resigned the post in favour of a Mr. Robert Walker, who possessed a good voice, and sang Macheath's songs with so much success that he became the roaring lion of supper parties, and was so much made of that within a comparatively short space of time he died of drink.

It was Polly, however, as impersonated by the fascinating Lavinia Fenton, that made the success of the piece. She was

dressed in the most simple manner, and the pathetic *navet * with which she delivered the lines—

"For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life—"

had such an effect that applause burst forth from every part of the house. The work had up to this moment gone but poorly. Its triumph was now assured; and the enthusiasm of the public went on increasing until the fall of the curtain. The opera soon made its way to Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. The principal songs were inscribed on fans and screens; and the enemies of foreign art boasted that the *Beggar's Opera* (which is really a semi burlesque comedy interspersed with songs set to popular tunes) had driven out the opera of the Italians. The crowded houses drawn by Gay's work must have had some effect in diminishing the attendance at other theatres; and Arbuthnot, who appreciated dramatic music, says distinctly in a paper on the subject, that the English had no genuine taste for opera, properly so called, and that all they really cared for was their own national music in the form of popular songs. Nevertheless it seems tolerably certain that Italian opera would have collapsed in London in the year 1728 whether or not the *Beggar's Opera* had been brought out. The sum of £50,000, subscribed six or seven years before to enable Handel to carry on the Italian opera, at that time directed by him, had just been exhausted; and without fresh funds the enterprise, even if the *Beggar's Opera* had never been heard of, could not have been kept going.

The *Beggar's Opera* was, in any case, triumphant, and the success of Lavinia Fenton went beyond that of the work itself. She was made the subject of numerous and in some cases highly fantastic biographies; collections were made of witticisms which she had never uttered; she was the favourite toast at every convivial gathering; and such was the enthusiasm with which she inspired the gilded youth of the period that devoted admirers agreed to form themselves into body-guards to see her safely home from the theatre. Under these circumstances Rich could not but show himself munificent. He raised the salary of his inimitable Polly to thirty shillings.

In spite of body-guards, in spite even of thirty shillings a-week, the Duke of Bolton succeeded in carrying off the adored one. Her singing in the air, "O ponder well!" had so enchanted him that he declared himself unable to live without her; and in obedience to this, or perhaps some better reason, Lavinia left the theatre and became as nearly a duchess as was possible in connection with a duke already married. Swift tells the story of the elopement in his own matter-of-fact way:—"The Duke of Bolton," he writes, "has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled £400 a-year on her during pleasure, and, upon disagreement, £200 more."

Lavinia Fenton, putting aside the irremediable fault of her position, seems to have behaved as well as, under the circumstances, was possible. In a note to one of Swift's letters, a favourable account of her is given by Dr. Joseph Wharton.

"She was," he says, "a very accomplished and most agreeable companion, had much wit, good strong sense, and just taste in polite literature. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the day, particularly by Lord Bathurst and Lord Grenville."

A story is told of a highly dramatic quarrel between her and the duke, which was brought to a happy termination by Lavinia's own ingenuity. She remembered that it was as Polly Peachum that she had first attracted his attention. She dressed herself, when she was about to leave him, in the costume which had so fascinated him some years before, and

sang in her most pathetic manner, "O, what pain it is to part!" Her tender accents, together with the recollections they awakened, were too much for the duke. He was completely overcome, and folding Polly Peachum in his arms, begged her nevermore to think of deserting him. Independently of its emotional effect, this ingeniously got-up scene must, if the duke possessed any sense of humour, have greatly amused him. But he was seriously attached to Miss Fenton, and after the duchess's death married her. The new duchess survived her elevation to the position of wife nine years.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

RECENT MUSIC.

A Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in G, by Mr. H. Elliot Button (Novello and Co.), contains no features that call for particular remark either of approval or condemnation. A certain amount of works of this kind is required for "places where they sing," and where they cannot be bothered with hunting up old music; accordingly the demand is equalled if not surpassed by the supply. We all know the full chords and the simple broad opening, and the little bit of imitation at "He hath scattered the proud" is not less familiar. The *Gloria*, too, is on well-established lines. All is grammatical enough; and there is no reason why this work should not be added to the pile of similar compositions which occupies so large a place in most choir libraries.

In a recent number of *The Musical World* we took occasion to commend the "Two Sets of Dances" by Mr. Erskine Allon. We have just received a third set, by the same composer (London Music Publishing Co.), which bears the pretentious title of "Ballet Music." This work, whether viewed as a pianoforte solo, or as intended to serve for stage performance, shows considerable advance on the earlier sets, and is in nearly all respects admirable. The introduction and the first number would be effective in either of the capacities we have mentioned; the second, with its quaint tonality and pretty melody, is in capital contrast to the first; and the fifth is lively and bustling enough in its present form, though for theatrical performance a more brilliant coda would have to be added. The only numbers where immaturity is apparent are the valse and the gavotte. The former is a good piano piece, but it is neither a valse nor any other kind of dance. The gavotte, as it stands, is very good and original, but it labours under the defect of not being a gavotte at all. It may be a *bourrée*. If Mr. Allon will take our advice he will make the title of his work a reality. He must write a real waltz, such as he has inserted in the other sets of dances; alter his gavotte, either by putting the bars in their right places, or by making it into a *bourrée*, and add a coda. The task of orchestrating the whole should be undertaken by himself. He will find it a good exercise, and will gain in musical knowledge and skill thereby. The music is quite strong and original enough to bear the treatment, and at the Crystal Palace it might be welcomed, either by Mr. Manns for the Saturday concerts, or else by Mr. Oscar Barrett for the next year's pantomime, at which class of entertainment as good music as Mr. Allon's has been heard before now.

From the same publishers comes another excellent work by the composer just mentioned, a book of "Six Songs of the 17th Century," all of which are interesting, and some extremely good. The first, "I dare not ask a kiss," is as natural and simple in melody as it is ingenious and original in its accompaniment. "Enchantment" shows that Mr. Allon has not yet acquired full mastery over the theoretical side of music. The last chord in bar 4 has no right to be followed by the first of bar 5; but a little attention would make the passage as correct as it is original. The composer is particularly happy in setting the Earl of Rochester's words, "My dear mistress," that and "Constancy" being the best songs in the book. Both are perfect of their kind, and in character and in structure the spirit and even the date of the poem are reflected. He is less fortunate with Waller's words: "The self-banished" is neither attractive nor skilful; and "Go, lovely Rose," though its melody is sufficiently good, has an accompaniment scarcely worthy of the subject. The sixth and seventh bars from the end contain an instance of consecutive octaves between the extreme parts which is as clumsy as it is incorrect.

WITH LISZT.

WE lately reviewed Miss Fay's amusing book, "Music-study in Germany," which was published some years ago in America and recently reprinted in England. The following extracts from the same source will be read with interest. They refer to the young lady's study under Liszt, to whom she went after having tried Kullak and Tausig, in Berlin:—

WEIMAR, May 21, 1873.

Liszt is so besieged by people and so tormented with applications that I fear I should only have been sent away if I had come without the Baroness von S.'s letter of introduction, for he admires her extremely, and I judge that she has much influence with him. He says "people fly in his face by dozens," and seem to think he is "only there to give lessons." He gives no paid lessons whatever, as he is much too grand for that; but if one has talent enough, or pleases him, he lets one come to him and play to him. I go to him every other day, but I don't play more than twice a week, as I cannot prepare so much, but I listen to the others. Up to this point there have been only four in the class besides myself, and I am the only new one. From four to six p.m. is the time when he receives his scholars. The first time I went I did not play to him, but listened to the rest. Urspruch and Leitert, the two young men whom I met the other night, have studied with Liszt a long time, and both play superbly. Fräulein Schultz and Miss Gaul (of Baltimore) are also most gifted creatures.

As I entered Liszt's salon, Urspruch was performing Schumann's Symphonic Studies—an immense composition, and one that took at least half an hour to get through. He played so splendidly that my heart sank down into the very depths. I thought I should never get on *there*! Liszt came forward and greeted me in a very friendly manner as I entered. He was in very good humour that day, and made some little witticisms. Urspruch asked him what title he should give to a piece he was composing. "*Per aspera ad astra*," said Liszt. This was such a good hit that I began to laugh, and he seemed to enjoy my appreciation of his little sarcasm. I did not play that time, as my piano had only just come, and I was not prepared to do so, but I went home and practised tremendously for several days on Chopin's B minor sonata. It is a great composition, and one of his last works. When I thought I could play it I went to Liszt, though with a trembling heart. I cannot tell you what it has cost me every time I have ascended his stairs. I can scarcely summon up courage to go there, and generally stand on the steps a while, before I can make up my mind to open the door and go in!

This day it was particularly trying, as it was really my first serious performance before him, and he speaks so very indistinctly that I feared I shouldn't understand his corrections, and that he would get out of patience with me, for he cannot bear to explain. I think he hates the trouble of speaking German, for he mutters his words and does not half finish his sentences. Yesterday when I was there he spoke to me in French all the time, and to the others in German—one of his funny whims, I suppose.

Well, on this day the artists Leitert and Urspruch, and the young composer Metzdorf, who is always hanging about Liszt, were in the room when I came. They had probably been playing. At first Liszt took no notice of me beyond a greeting, till Metzdorf said to him, "Herr Doctor, Miss Fay has brought a sonata." "Ah, well, let us hear it," said Liszt. Just then he left the room for a minute, and I told the three gentlemen that they ought to go away and let me play to Liszt alone, for I felt nervous about playing before them. They all laughed at me and said they would not budge an inch. When Liszt came back they said to him, "Only think, Herr Doctor, Miss Fay proposes to send us all home." I said I could not play before such great artists. "Oh, that is healthy for you," said Liszt, with a smile, and added, "you have a very choice audience, now." I don't know whether he appreciated how nervous I was, but instead of walking up and down the room as he often does, he sat down by me like any other teacher, and heard me play the first movement. It was frightfully hard, but I had studied it so much that I managed to get through with it pretty successfully. Nothing could exceed Liszt's amiability, or the trouble he gave himself, and instead of frightening me, he inspired me. Never was there such a delightful

teacher! and he is the first sympathetic one I've had. You feel so free with him, and he develops the very spirit of music in you. He doesn't keep nagging at you all the time, but he leaves you your own conception. Now and then he will make a criticism, or play a passage, and with a few words give you enough to think of all the rest of your life. There is a delicate *point* to everything he says, as subtle as he is himself. He doesn't tell you anything about the technique. *That* you must work out for yourself. When I had finished the first movement of the sonata, Liszt, as he always does, said, "Bravo!" Taking my seat, he made some little criticisms, and then told me to go on and play the rest of it.

Now, I only half knew the other movements, for the first one was so extremely difficult that it cost me all the labour I could give to prepare that. But playing to Liszt reminds me of trying to feed the elephant in the Zoological Garden with lumps of sugar. He disposes of whole movements as if they were nothing, and stretches out gravely for more! One of my fingers fortunately began to bleed, for I had practised the skin off, and that gave me a good excuse for stopping. Whether he was pleased at this proof of industry, I know not; but after looking at my finger and saying, "Oh!" very compassionately, he sat down and played the whole three last movements himself. That was a great deal, and showed off all his powers. It was the first time I had heard him, and I don't know which was the most extraordinary—the Scherzo, with its wonderful lightness and swiftness, the Adagio with its depth and pathos, or the last movement, where the whole keyboard seemed to *donnern und blitzen* (thunder and lighten). There is such a vividness about everything he plays that it does not seem as if it were mere music you were listening to, but it is as if he had called up a real *form*, and you saw it breathing before your face and eyes. It gives me almost a ghostly feeling to hear him, and it seems as if the air were peopled with spirits. Oh, he is a perfect wizard! It is as interesting to see him as it is to hear him, for his face changes with every modulation of the piece, and he looks exactly as he is playing. He has one element that is most captivating, and that is, a sort of delicate and fitful mirth that keeps peering out at you here and there! It is most peculiar, and when he plays that way, the most bewitching little expression comes over his face. It seems as if a little spirit of joy were playing hide-and-go-seek with you.

On Friday Liszt came and paid me a visit, and even played a little on my piano. Only think what an honour! At the same time he told me to come to him that afternoon and play to him, and invited me also to a *matinée* he was going to give on Sunday for some countless of distinction who was here for a few days. None of the other scholars were asked, and when I entered the room there were only three persons in it beside Liszt. One was the Grand Duke himself, the other was the Countess von M. (born a Russian Princess), and the third was a Russian minister's wife. They were all four standing in a little knot, speaking in French together. I had no idea who they were, as the Grand Duke was in morning costume, and had no star or decoration to distinguish them. I saw at a glance, however, that they were all swells, and so I didn't speak to any of them, luckily, though it was an even chance that I had not said something to avoid the awkwardness of standing there like a post, for I had been told beforehand that Liszt never introduced people to each other. Liszt greeted me in a very friendly manner, and introduced me to the countess, but she was so dreadfully set up that it was impossible to get more than a few icy words out of her. I was thankful enough when more people arrived, so that I could retire to a corner and sit down without being observed, for it was a very uncomfortable situation to be standing, a stranger, close to four fashionables and not dare to speak to any of them because they did not address me.

After the company was all assembled, it numbered eighteen persons, nearly all of whom were titled. I was the only unimportant one in it. Liszt was so sweet. He kept coming over to where I sat and talking to me, and promised me a ticket for a private concert where only his compositions were to be performed. He seemed determined to make me feel at home. He played five times, but no *great* work, which was a disappointment to me, particularly as the last three times he played duets with a leading Weimar artist named Lassen, who was present. He made me come and turn the leaves. Gracious! how he *does* read! It is very difficult to turn for him, for he reads ever so far ahead of what he is playing, and takes in fully five bars at

a glance, so you have to guess about where you *think* he would like to have the page over. Once I turned it too late, and once too early, and he snatched it out of my hand and whirled it back. Not quite the situation for timorous me, was it?

May 21.—To-day being my birthday, I thought I must go to Liszt by way of celebration. I wasn't really ready to play to him, but I took his second Ballade with me, and thought I'd ask him some questions about some hard places in it. He insisted upon me playing it. When we came in he looked indisposed and nervous, and there happened to be a good many artists there. We always lay our notes on the table, and he takes them, looks over them, and calls out what he'll have played. He remarked this piece, and called out: "*Wer spielt diese grosse mächtige Ballade von mir?*" ("Who plays this great and mighty ballad of mine?") I felt as if he had asked, "Who killed Cock Robin?" and as if I were the one who had done it, only I did not feel like "owning up" to it quite so glibly as the sparrow had, for Liszt seemed to be in very bad humour, and had roughed the one who had played before me. I finally mustered up my courage and said "*Ich*," but told him I did not know it perfectly yet. He said, "No matter; play it." So I sat down, expecting he would take my head off, but, strange to say, he seemed to be delighted with my playing, and said that I had "quite touched him." Think of that from Liszt, and when I was playing his own composition! When I went out he accompanied me to the door, took my hand in both of his, and said, "To-day you've covered yourself with glory!" I told him I had only *begun* it, and I hoped he would let me play it again when I knew it better. "What," said he, "I must pay you a still greater compliment, must I?" "Of course," said I. "*Il faut vous gâter?*" "*Oui*," said I. He laughed.

(To be continued.)

THE LIBRETTO OF "GUILLAUME TELL."

WE extract the following account of the origin of *Guillaume Tell* from M. Legouvé's excellent work, entitled "*Soixante ans de Souvenirs*":—

"The *Vestale*, having raised M. de Jouy to the rank of our first lyric poet, assured him at the same time a connexion among the men whom I take to be the most unhappy in creation, that is to say, dramatic musicians. Can you conceive any worse torture? Imagine Jupiter with Minerva in his head, and no axe wherewith to free her. The position of a dramatic musician is still worse. Not only cannot he bring forth, but he cannot even conceive alone. He may feel himself full of palpitating, living, trembling ideas, and yet, if he cannot find to embody them that something which we call a poet, they will remain fruitless in his unhappy brain. M. de Jouy was besieged by these unfortunate libretto hunters. One day a young man came to him, furnished with a letter from Spontini. He was short, well dressed, with reserved but distinguished manners, expressed himself well, and had features of a pronounced Jewish type; his name was Meyerbeer, composer of the *Crociato* and of several other Italian operas. It was his ambition to be represented at the Opéra, and Spontini had recommended him to his own librettist as a musician of great promise. Madame Boudonville happened to be working in her father's study, sitting at a window overlooking the garden. The two men chatted, looked out subjects, suggested names and titles, were by turns enthusiastic and discouraged, when suddenly Madame Boudonville, who had been listening in silence, said timidly, 'I should think that Guillaume Tell could be made the subject of a fine poem. There you have a great character, added to an interesting situation and plenty of local colour.'

"'Bravo!' cried M. de Jouy.

"'Admirable!' added Meyerbeer.

"The plan was begun at once, and the principal lines sketched out—then—then—by what chance did Rossini compose *Guillaume Tell* and Meyerbeer not? Of that I am quite ignorant, but I invoke blessings on that chance, whatever it was, for it has been the means of giving us the *chef d'œuvre* of modern music.

"Much is said against the book of *Guillaume Tell*, and the poetry has been much laughed at, but the person whom I have

heard laugh at it most was certainly M. de Jouy himself. Rossini said to him one day, 'My dear friend, I have taken the liberty of changing one word in the chorus which accompanies Mdlle. Taglioni's *pas seul*. You wrote :—

"Toi que Paiglon ne suivrait pas."

I have substituted—

Toi que l'oiseau ne suivrait pas.

"Oh! what a good thing you have done!" cried M. de Jouy. 'Aiglon! What a word to dance to!'

"Then whatever did you put it in for?" answered Rossini, laughing.

"It was not I!" cried M. de Jouy, 'it was that fool Hippolyte Bis.'

"Then why ever did you take that fool Hippolyte Bis for your collaborateur?"

"Why? out of kindness—out of weakness: I was told that he was poor, that he was talented, that he had written a tragedy on Attila for the Odéon!...I had not seen his tragedy!...but a line was always quoted to me as being most sublime:

"Ses regards affamés dévoreraient l'univers!"

—It was this devil of a line that did all the mischief. Hippolyte Bis called me a great poet, I allowed myself to become entangled; and now he has thrown into our book a heap of lines by which I shall be dishonoured to all posterity. For one cannot tell. Thanks to you, I have become immortal!...As long as a single opera remains lines like these will be sung:—

"Aux reptiles je l'abandonne,
Et leur horrible faim lui répond d'un tombeau!"

And these are signed: Jouy! Oh, the wretch!"

"All this happened, and was said on the Boulevard Montmartre, opposite the Passage des Panoramas, where we two, Madame Jouy and I, had met Rossini coming out of his house. He had not shaved for ten days or a fortnight.

"You are looking at my beard," said he, laughing; 'it is a vow. I am just finishing my orchestration, and in order to prevent myself from going into society, I have sworn not to shave until my work is done.'

"Are you satisfied with it?" said M. de Jouy.

"Well enough," he answered, smiling. *I am making music like the Chevalier Gluck's, with my own ideas.* I have taken most trouble with the basses and the recitatives. You must also listen to the ballet airs; they are all a little sad, such as would be suitable to a people in that situation. Still, my dear friend, you may make yourself easy. Some few lines may, perhaps, be bad, but the book is good, and I hope I shall not spoil it."

"We know the result: on the day of the first representation the overture obtained a tremendous success. Great effect in the first act. The whole of the second, one long triumph! The third and fourth act, coldly received. Rossini, coming into M. de Jouy's drawing-room at midnight, said to us, 'It is almost a fiasco.'"

DEATH OF MR. RICARDO LINTER.

We regret to have to record the somewhat sudden decease of our respected townsman, Mr. Ricardo Linter, the eminent composer and professor of music, which sad event took place at his residence, Cotmore-lodge, on Saturday morning last, after a painful illness of about three days' duration. We understand that the deceased gentleman was actively engaged in his professional duties up to the previous Tuesday, and that the trying malady which then overtook him was borne during its brief course with quiet and patient fortitude. Mr. Linter, born in Devonshire, came to this town in 1862, having purchased the local connection of Madame Montignani, and he has since pursued a successful and honourable career as a teacher of the pianoforte, and many pupils of his, now scattered over the globe, will regret to hear of the death of their old and painstaking master. As a pianist, Mr. Linter was very gifted, and five-and-twenty years ago occupied a foremost position in the musical world as a public performer. One of our earliest recollections of him was at a concert held at the Montpellier Rotunda, when Mr. Linter played with the renowned Thalberg in a grand duo for two pianofortes. He was also for many years organist successively at St. James's and St. Luke's Churches. Ever ready to give his services at concerts for charitable purposes, he will now be remembered by many grateful hearts. —*Cheltenham Examiner*.

Occasional Notes.

A correspondent writes:—"You referred some time ago to the maltreatment which music frequently experiences at the hands of literary men. Allow me to augment your collection by a beautiful example. It occurs in Lord Lytton's *Strange Story*, the hero of which, as you may remember, is a mysterious being, vicious, beautiful, interesting, who fascinates people as he draws them to destruction. Music is amongst his accomplishments. On one occasion he sets a company of old maids and dowagers dancing to the strains of a tarantella which he plays on a ramshackle, though highly respectable and elderly piano. The performance is described in these terms:—"The torture of the instrument now commenced in good earnest: it shrieked, it groaned, wilder and noisier. Beethoven's Storm, roused by the fell touch of a German pianist, were mild in comparison; and the mighty voice, dominating the anguish of the crackling keys, had the full diapason of a chorus."

Several questions suggest themselves in connection with this glowing statement. First of all what is Beethoven's "Storm," with a big S? Is it a pianoforte piece, which, having escaped the research of musical scholars, was revealed to the formidable Margrave, by spirit agency; or is it the dim recollection of a performance of the Pastoral symphony, reflected in the mind of the noble author? Also, what is "the full diapason of a chorus?" I always imagined that a diapason, full or not, sung by a chorus, or played upon a pipe, meant pitch; but perhaps Lord Lytton and his spectre hero knew better."

The Berlin papers, speak in laudatory terms of a young American musician, Mr. Arthur Bird, some of whose works, including a symphony in A, a concert overture, and a suite for stringed instruments, were performed at a recent concert in that city. The young artist has studied in Germany, under Liszt, Heinrich Urban, and other masters, and his music is said to be of a pleasing and distinguished type, without as yet revealing high original genius. Considering the youth of Mr. Bird, this sounds promising enough. Is it possible that in him the national composer should have arisen, for whom Americans have sighed so long, and have sighed (*pace* Mr. Silas G. Pratt) in vain?

The performance of the Dramatic Class of the Royal Academy, of which a more detailed notice will be found in another column, is emphatically a step in the right direction. It is curious that this step should not have been taken at an earlier period of the career of the time-honoured institution; but "better late than never" applies to this, as to many other incidents of our musical history. The dramatic department of the Academy, moreover, has never had the encouragement of public favour or interest. It is well known that more than one Member of Parliament has felt and expressed conscientious scruples as to voting the £500 annually doled out to our great music school, for the reason that it might encourage some of the pupils to go on the stage. The Principal has acted rightly and boldly in disregarding this narrow-minded prejudice; and, although the actual performance did not as yet evince much dramatic gift on the part of the students it raised, at least, some hope that the time may come when our national opera will draw its supply from English educational institutions, even as the Opéra-Comique and the Grand Opéra draw theirs from the Conservatoire. We may add that the young lady who, as the gipsy girl, evinced more theatrical aptitude than her compeers, had been for some time a member of Mr. Carl Rosa's Company.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, 1886,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Sextet in G major, Op. 36, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (Brahms)—Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, A. Gibson, Howell, and Ould; "Serbisches Liederspiel," Op. 32, for four voices, with pianoforte accompaniment (Henschel)—Mrs. Henschel, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. Thorndike (accompanied by Mr. Henschel).

PART II.—Sonata in C minor, Op. 10, No. 1, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Madlle. Clotilde Kleeberg; Fragments of Quartet, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Howell.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Programme

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 20, 1886,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Quartet in D minor, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. Ries, Hollander, and Pezze; Song, "Ye cupids droop your little heads" (Maude White)—Mrs. Hutchinson; Studies, Op. 10, No. 1, Op. 25, No. 2, Op. 10, No. 3, and Op. 25, No. 6, for Pianoforte alone (Chopin)—M. Vladimir de Pachmann; Adagio in F, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Spohr)—Madame Norman-Neruda; Songs, "Good to forget" and "Ah love! but a day" (Alice Burton)—Mrs. Hutchinson; Quartet in A flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—M. Vladimir de Pachmann. Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. Hollander and Pezze.—Accompanist, Mr. C. Hopkins-Ould.

LONDON 1886.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY. HERMANN FRANKE'S CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS.

THE SECOND CONCERT will take place on Tuesday evening, February 23, 1886, at Half past Eight o'clock. Artists: Mr. Franke's Vocal Quartet, consisting of Miss Hamlin (Soprano), Miss Lena Little (Alto), Mr. W. J. Winch (Tenor), Mr. O. Fisher (Bass). Conductor, Mr. Theodor Franzen, assisted at the Piano by Miss Amy Hare. Pianoforte, Mr. Max Laistner; Violin, Mr. Otto Peiniger; Viola, Mr. K. A. Stehling; and Violoncello, Mr. Jules De Swert.

Programme:—Quartet, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, in F, Op. 15, by C. V. Stanford; *Toscanische Rispetti (popular songs of Tuscany, by Julius Roentgen (first performance); Violin Solo, "Grave, Fuga, and Siciliano," by Joseph Gibbs; Violoncello Solo: *Liebes-Lieder-Walzer (Songs of Love-Waltzes) (first set) by Brahms (second performance). One of Messrs Broadwood and Sons' Grand Pianofortes will be used on this occasion.

*N.B.—Each of the Vocal numbers will occupy nearly half an hour.

POPULAR PRICES (no restriction as to Evening Dress). Reserved Seats, 5s. and 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be had at Messrs. Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Messrs. Stanley, Lucas, Weber & Co.'s, 84, New Bond Street; Mr. Austin's, St. James's Hall, and at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. Manager, Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius. H. Franke's Office, 2, Vere Street, London, W.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

BEETHOVEN'S WORKS.

PIANOFORTE ALONE. PIANOFORTE WITH INSTRUMENTS.
VOCAL MUSIC.

GIVEN BY

Madame JENNY VIARD-LOUIS.

The Nineteenth Meeting (Last but one of the Fourth and Last Series) will take place on **SATURDAY, MARCH 20**, at three o'clock.—Stalls, 7/6; Reserved Seats, 2/6; Admission, 1/-.

MADLE. CLOTILDE KLEEGERG will give a **PIANOFORTE RECITAL**, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on **WEDNESDAY NEXT** Feb. 24, at three o'clock, precisely.—Stalls, 10s. 6d; balcony, 3s; admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, and usual Agents.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. THE SUMMER SERIES OF NINE RICHTER CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAY, MAY 3, 1886.	MONDAY, MAY 31, 1886.
MONDAY, MAY 10, "	MONDAY, JUNE 7, "
MONDAY, MAY 17, "	MONDAY, JUNE 21, "
MONDAY, MAY 24, "	MONDAY, JUNE 28, "
MONDAY, JULY 5, 1886.	

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE NINE CONCERTS:

Sofa Stalls, £5. Stalls or Balcony Stalls, £3 10 0

SINGLE TICKETS:

Sofa Stalls, 15/- Stalls or Balcony Stalls, 10/6. Balcony (Unreserved), 5/-
Area or Gallery, 2/5.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SENIOR SARASATE'S FIVE GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1886.	SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.
SATURDAY, MAY 1, "	SATURDAY, MAY 22, "
SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.	

AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Sofa Stalls, 10/6. Reserved Area, 7/6. Balcony, 3/-
Area, 2/- Gallery, 1/-

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

MR. & MRS. HENSCHEL'S VOCAL RECITALS

TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1886.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16, "

AT A QUARTER PAST EIGHT.

TICKETS:

Reserved Seats, 10/6. Unreserved Seats, 5/- and 2/6.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES WADE'S THIRD AND LAST CHAMBER CONCERT,

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1886.

AT HALF-PAST EIGHT O'CLOCK.

TICKETS:

Stalls, 10/6. Reserved Seats, 5/- Unreserved Seats, 2/6.

PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY.

M. GUSTAV ERNEST'S THIRD AND LAST CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1886.

Tickets - - - - - 10/6, 5/-, 2/-.

Tickets for any of the above Concerts may be obtained of—
Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.;
Messrs. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co., 84, New Bond Street;
Mr. MITCHELL, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street;
Mr. OLLIVIER, 38, Old Bond Street;

Messrs. LACON & OLLIER, 168, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. CRAMER & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.;
Messrs. SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street, W.;
Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE & Co., 41, Cheapside, E.C.; at the Grand Hotel; and at the Langham Hotel;
Mr. ALFRED HAYS, 26, Old Bond Street, and 5, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.;
Mr. M. BARR, 80, Queen Victoria Street, opposite Mansion House Station;
Mr. AUSTIN's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MANAGER, MR. N. VERT, 52, NEW BOND STREET, W.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements should be sent not later than 5 o'clock on Wednesdays, to the Office, at Messrs. MALLETT & Co's, 68 & 70 Wardour Street, London, W. (temporary premises during rebuilding, at No. 58.) Telephone No. 3849. Telegraphic address: "ASMAI," London.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Subscription to THE MUSICAL WORLD is now reduced to 17s. 6d. per annum (payable in advance).

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Proprietors of *The Musical World* offer a

PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

for the best Song, to English words, and by a composer resident in England. MSS. should be sent in on or before May 1, 1886, and should bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope, containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letter of the successful competitor will be opened. The judges will be three musicians of reputation whose names will be announced in due course. The song selected will be published as a supplement to *The Musical World*. For full particulars see *The Musical World* of Feb. 6.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

RÉCLAME.

The race of valets, who, as the proverb has it, do not believe in great men, will rejoice at the find which M. Adolphe Julien has made and publishes in the *Français* newspaper. It consists of a letter addressed by Hector Berlioz to a journalistic friend shortly before the first performance of *Faust*. The object of the letter is plain enough and requires no comment, but the terms in which it is couched are highly characteristic of the author. Berlioz's opinion of his friend's tact and *savoir-faire* being evidently none of the highest, he takes the trouble of sketching out no less than three different forms in which "bold advertisement" might be given to his latest offspring. This is what he writes:—

"My dear Friend,—Here are three *réclames*, such as they are. I have become stupid with all these preparations. We rehearse during the whole of to-day. Nevertheless, I will try to come and see you at about four o'clock.—Yours,

"H. BERLIOZ."

"1. The rehearsals of the *Damnation de Faust* are actively proceeding, and the effect they produce excites the enthusiasm of the executants. The date of the first performance of this new work of M. Berlioz at the Opéra Comique, under the personal direction of the author, is still fixed for Sunday, November 29, at a quarter to two. Roger's singing in the rôle of *Faust* is said to be admirable.

"2. On Sunday, November 29, at a quarter to two, the representation will take place at the Opéra Comique, of M. Berlioz's *Faust*. This "*opéra-légende*," performed by Roger, Hermann Léon, Henri, Madame Hortense Maillard, and two hundred musicians, conducted by the composer, is exciting to the highest degree the curiosity of the musical public.

"3. The *Faust* of M. Berlioz is causing a stir in our musical world. The rehearsals of this great work—which seems to surpass in style and power all former compositions of M. Berlioz—have already revealed passages of extraordinary effect, with which the executants are delighted in a more than common degree. Roger, Hermann Léon, and Madame Hortense Maillard are still announced for the principal parts. The performance will take place at the Opéra Comique, on Sunday, November 29, at a quarter to two o'clock. It will be conducted by the composer."

What strikes one first of all, in these communications is the tentative manner in which Berlioz proceeds on his course of self-laudation. The first draft, it will be seen, is the shortest; it is also couched in comparatively modest terms. It is not till No. 3 that we hear of a "great work," and of the extraordinary beauties which it reveals. This prudence of proceeding shows that it was not the first time Berlioz made similar appeals. It indicates a degree of experience in such matters which is little short of tragic, considering the greatness of the man, who has recourse to such small means and ways of "working the oracle." Publicity, we all know, is the breath of fame; and fame is the breath of an artist's life. The finest symphony, the greatest opera, ever written, without newspaper praise, would be as useless as Pears' Soap or Eno's Fruit Salt, deprived of the splendours of bold type and highly-coloured illustration. At the same time it is one of the sad anomalies of life, to see a creator of things more perennial than brass, humbly pray for a puff of the brazen trumpet of ephemeral *réclame*.

Great composers, or composers who hope and wish to do great things, should take a warning example from poor Berlioz's case. What mediocrities do is comparatively indifferent. The small stratagems which they use in letting their little candle shine before the world, are forgotten as soon as that candle has been extinguished by the breath of time. But the meannesses and smallnesses of men of genius live after them. They are a permanent blot on an escutcheon which should be as stainless as the purest emanations of their art. Let us hope that Mr. Thayer will not in the next volume of his Beethoven biography show us the master supplicating the aid of Rochlitz, or some other journalist of the period, for the Ninth Symphony and the Mass in D!

Correspondence.

"AN ASTOUNDING MUSICAL MEMORY."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—It seems to me that the pianist who in your last number dilates upon the difficulties and dangers of playing by heart, somewhat overstates his case. In our profession we have not only as a matter of course to remember the words and the music of our part, but we also have to act that part, and therefore to divide our attention over three different things, each in itself sufficiently trying. You may say that we have the prompter to help us, but unless he be very skilful and experienced, he is frequently more of a hindrance than of a help. So is the orchestra in modern works. Balfe and Wallace had some consideration for us poor singers. They let the band play a tune before it comes to us, and while we have it they never disturb us by counterpoint or complicated harmony. But Meyerbeer and Wagner had not a drop of this milk of human kindness in their constitutions. They pound away in their orchestra as if our lungs

were made of brass, and our brains impermeable to outside impressions. Let "A Pianist" try and sing with what voice nature may have given him, such parts as the Flying Dutchman or Bertram in *Robert the Devil*, and I am sure he will never put pen to paper again to complain of the difficulties of a sonata, or even of a concerto.—Yours obediently,

AN OPERATIC SINGER.

A TIMELY PROPOSAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—In the *Daily Telegraph* of Feb. 11, there is an account of a young lady being robbed of her violin by the mob in Oxford Street. Might I suggest that a subscription should be got up through the medium of your journal with the view of purchasing a new instrument for the young lady. I will be glad to forward a moiety.—Yours faithfully,

W. JAMESON.

60, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Gardens, W.

"Musical World" Stories.

"CHEVALIER GLUCK."

A REMEMBRANCE OF THE YEAR 1809.

By E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

HOFFMANN—one of the most eccentric geniuses that the world has ever seen—rests his claim to immortality upon his writings rather than upon his musical compositions, though these were numerous and by no means contemptible. Just as the literary world knows him through the medium of Carlyle's translation of, and preface to, one of his tales, so to musicians he stands forth as the creator of the character of "Kreisler the Kapellmeister," which suggested the title of one of Robert Schumann's most characteristic works. But his own merits deserve a less indirect acquaintance at the hands of the general reading public, and especially of musicians, for a great number of his fantastic stories deal directly with musical subjects, while few are entirely free from musical allusions. Born at Königsberg, in 1776, he was destined, like so many other musicians, for the legal profession, but a lucrative occupation without art was distasteful, and the artistic occupation without lucre, which he obtained in the shape of an appointment as musical director at Bamberg, was impossible, for reasons of too obvious and practical a nature; so that he was forced, most fortunately for art and letters, to turn his creative imagination to account, by writing a series of papers in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*. It was here that the immortal character of Kreisler was first given to the world. In 1814, four years after their commencement, the essays were republished under the collective title of "Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier," with a preface by Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. The following tale, "Ritter Gluck," is one of these early productions. Among the most important of his tales are "Elixier des Teufels," "Kater Murr," or the philosophical views of life of tom-cat Murr, and "Der Goldne Topf," a translation of which appears in Carlyle's "German Romance," together with an introduction which gives, in the author's vivid style, the most complete portrait of Hoffmann that can be obtained. The chief musical achievement of his early life was the composition of an opera, *Undine*, the libretto of which was specially prepared for him by Fouqué himself. The work was enthusiastically received at Berlin, and even gained the approbation of Weber. He died of creeping paralysis in 1822. Carlyle's summary of his powers is so admirable that we need not apologize for giving it *in extenso*.

"Hoffmann's was a mind for which proper culture might have done great things: there lay in it the elements of much moral worth, and talents of almost the highest order. Nor was it weakness of will that so far frustrated these fine endowments; for in many trying emergencies he proved that decision and perseverance of resolve were by no means denied him. Unhappily, however, he had found no sure principle of action; no Truth adequate to the guidance of such a mind. What in common minds is called prudence, was not wanting, could this have sufficed; for it is to be observed that so long as he was poor, so long as the fetters of everyday life lay round him, Hoffmann was diligent, unblamable, and even praiseworthy; but these wants once supplied, these fetters once cast off, his wayward spirit was without fit direction or restraint, and his fine faculties rioted in wild disorder. In the practical concerns of life he felt no interest; in religion he seems not to have believed, or even disbelieved: he never talked of it, or would hear it talked of; to politics he was equally hostile and equally a stranger. Yet the wages of daily labour, the solace of his fine senses, and the intercourse of social or gregarious life, were far from completing his ideal of enjoyment; his better soul languished in these barren scenes, and longed for some worthier home. This home, unhappily, he was not destined to find. He sought for it in the Poetry of Art; and the aim of his writings, so far as they have any aim, as they are not mere interjections expressing the casual mood of his mind, was constantly the celebration and unfolding of this the best and truest doctrine which he had to preach. But here, too, his common failing seems to have beset him. He loved Art with a deep, but scarcely with a pure love; not as the fountain of Beauty, but as the fountain of refined Enjoyment; he demanded from it not heavenly peace, but earthly excitement; as, indeed, through his whole life, he had never learned the truth that for human souls a continuance of passive pleasure is inconceivable; has not only been denied us by Nature, but cannot, and could not be granted."

The tale we have selected displays Hoffmann's love for the weird and undefined in a highly characteristic manner. Who is the hero of that tale? It cannot be the famous composer whose name it bears, for Gluck had departed this life long before 1809. Is it, then, his wraith; or else, an inspired maniac, whose genius has drunk too deeply at the fount of his great predecessor?

THE STORY.

In the late autumn, in Berlin, there are generally a few pleasant days. The sun comes genially forth from the clouds, and soon dries all the moisture from the gentle breeze that goes through the streets. Then may be seen a long and motley procession going to the Zoological Gardens, composed of dandies, citizens, with their wives and children all in their Sunday best, clergymen, Jewesses, lawyers, merry maidens, grave professors, milliners, dancers, officers, and so on, without end, walking beneath the lime-trees. Soon every place is taken both at Klaus's and Weber's; the chicory-coffee steams, the exquisites light their cigars, there is talking and no little disputing over war and peace, over the important question whether Madame Bethmann last wore grey or green shoes, over the depression of trade, the debasement of the currency, and so forth, till the noise is hushed as an air out of "Fanchon" is heard, played upon a harp that has got out of tune, a couple of violins that have not been tuned at all, a flute very much out of breath, and a spasmodic bassoon, in such a manner that both performers and audience are alike agonized. Close to the railing which divides Weber's domain from the high-road, stand several small round tables, and rustic stools; here, removed from the cacophonous din of that accursed orchestra, one can breathe freely and observe the passers-by. In this place I sat myself down and gave free play to my imagination, conjuring up before me many a

* A famous actress of the period.

friendly form with whom I might talk on science, art, or on whatever touches human nature most nearly. The mass of walkers passes by, ever more and more strangely composed, but nothing disturbs me, or abashes my fantastic company. Nothing but the confounded trio of a horribly commonplace waltz could snatch me from my world of dreams. I hear only the violin and the flute squeaking out the upper part, and the bassoon growling in the bass; up and down they pursue each other in octaves that split the ear; and involuntarily, like one seized with a burning pain, I cry out:—

"What insane music! Those frightful octaves!"

Beside me I hear a murmur, "Accursed fate! Again an octave-hunter!"

In looking up I become aware that a man has seated himself at my table without my noticing him; he fixes his gaze on me, and I cannot take my eyes off him.

I had never seen a head or a form which so immediately made so deep an impression upon me. A gently aquiline nose was surmounted by a broad open brow, characterized by curious elevations above the bushy, greyish eyebrows, beneath which the eyes flashed with youthful fire, though the man seemed to be over fifty. The soft curves of the chin contrasted strangely with the closed mouth, and a mocking smile arising from the curious movement in the muscles of the sunken cheeks, seemed to belie the deep, melancholy gravity that rested on the forehead. Behind the ears, which were large and stood away from the head, lay a few grey locks. The tall lean form was concealed by a very large overcoat of modern cut. On my looking at him he lowered his gaze, and resumed an occupation which my exclamation had apparently interrupted. He emptied, with evident satisfaction, various little screws of paper into a large snuff-box that stood in front of him, and moistened the contents with red wine from a quarter-bottle. The music had ceased, and I felt compelled to address him.

"It is a good thing," said I, "that the music has stopped: it was not to be borne any longer."

The old man gave me a passing look, and shook out the snuff from the last paper.

"It would be better if there were no playing at all," I began again. "Are you not of my opinion?"

"I am of no opinion," said he. "You are a musician and a critic by profession—"

"You are wrong; I am neither one nor the other. I once learnt the pianoforte and thoroughbass as a thing that belonged to a good education, and then I was told, among other things, that nothing can have a worse effect than when the bass proceeds in octaves with the upper part. I accepted it on authority at that time, but I have since always found it true."

"Really!" he said, getting up and walking towards the musicians. As he went he repeatedly looked upwards, and struck his forehead with his open hand, as one that would fain bring something back to his remembrance. I saw him speak to the musicians, treating them with a grave air of command. He came back, and had hardly sat down, when the band began to play the overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*.

He listened to the *Andante* with half-closed eyes, leaving his withered arms on the table, and marking the entry of the parts with a slight movement of the left foot; soon he raised his head, looking quickly round; the left hand, with the fingers stretched apart, rested on the table, as if he were striking a chord on the piano, while the right was lifted high; he was a conductor, giving the orchestra the intimation of a new tempo; and now the right hand falls and the *Allegro* begins! A burning flush overspread the pale cheeks; the eyebrows met upon the wrinkled forehead; a divine fury inflamed the wild gaze with a fire that gradually consumed the smile still hovering round the half-open mouth. Now he leans back; the eyebrows are raised; the muscular contraction returns to the cheeks; the eyes gleam: the deep inward pain relaxes into pleasure, which masters and shakes every fibre of his being; he draws a deep breath; the drops stand on his forehead; he indicates the entry of the *tutti* and all such important points; never losing the beat with his right hand, he passes his handkerchief over his face with the left. Thus the poor skeleton of the overture given by those few violins received from him flesh and the colouring of life. I heard the soft, melting lamentation of the flute as it soared aloft, when the tempest

of the violins and basses had exhausted itself, and the thunder of the drums was no more; I heard the gently incisive tones of the violoncello, and the bassoon that fills the heart with sorrow not to be described; the *tutti* returns, the unison passage strides along like a mighty giant, beneath whose crushing tread the sad lament dies away.

The overture was ended; the man let both arms fall by his side, and sat there with closed eyes like one exhausted by some overpowering excitement. His bottle was empty; I filled his glass with Burgundy, which I had called for. He sighed deeply, and seemed as though awaking from a dream.

I invited him to drink; he did so without ceremony, and as he tossed off his glass at a single draught, he cried:—

"I am contented with the performance! The orchestra did bravely!"

"And yet," said I, "they gave but the merest outline of one of the most brilliantly-coloured masterpieces that was ever written."

"Do you really think so? You are not a Berlin man!"

"You are right; I only come here periodically!"

"The Burgundy is good; but it is getting chilly."

"Let us go in, then, and finish the bottle indoors."

"A good plan. I do not know you, and therefore you do not know me either. Let us not ask one another's names; names are sometimes tiresome. I drink Burgundy, it costs me nothing; we are pleased with each other's company, so that is all right."

(To be continued.)

Concerts.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

The composer of *H.M.S. Pinafore* and *The Mikado*, and of *The Prodigal Son* and *The Martyr of Antioch* received a most cordial welcome when he took his place in the orchestra to conduct the latter work, which, originally produced at the Leeds Festival of 1880, has always been admired for the freshness and grace of its melodies. Dean Milman's poem, upon which Mr. Gilbert's libretto is founded, has no great dramatic strength, but it is pleasing and sympathetic, and offers some opportunities for effective contrasts and agreeable choral combinations. It had the advantage of being interpreted by such excellent vocalists as Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Barrington Foote, who all did their best on behalf of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, and completely succeeded, in spite of a fog that was anything but favourable to the voices. Mr. Edward Lloyd, in the two airs for the tenor, and especially in the first, "Come, Margarita, come," sang with all his wonted purity of tone and sympathetic expression, but wisely resisted the demand for a repetition of the melody. Madame Albani, in the gentle and tender passages in which the heroine yields herself to martyrdom, touched the hearts of the audience, and stimulated their hands, when the concluding phrases were given amidst hearty applause. The long-sustained notes enabled this accomplished and popular lady to fill the vast area of the Albert Hall with her rich and powerful tones. Madame Patey, in the less exacting music allotted to the contralto, showed no fear of the murky atmosphere, but gave her fine low notes with her accustomed dignity of style. Mr. Barrington Foote, in the bass solo and recitatives, sang carefully and effectively. We can speak of the chorus in terms of commendation throughout; not only was the opening Hymn to Apollo sung with spirit and decision, but the funeral anthem to the lines, "Brother, thou art gone before us," was an excellent example of sustained intonation. The second item was Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's "Song of Victory," for soprano and chorus. This composition was conducted by Mr. Barnby, whose many admirers gave him a hearty greeting. Miss Pauline Cramer sang the soprano solo with credit to herself, and the chorus again lent adequate assistance. There was a fairly large audience.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

On Saturday last the weekly concerts were resumed after the customary Christmas *interregnum*, and a performance of Antonin Dvorak's dramatic cantata, *The Spectre's Bride*, signaled their

recommencement. The cantata, it will be remembered, was introduced quite recently to the metropolis under the auspices of Messrs. Novello and Co., at one of their oratorio concerts, the event being duly recorded in these pages; and the same warm interest which was then displayed in the Bohemian musician's work was once more manifested on Saturday, when a vast audience filled the large Concert Hall, and listened to the production with every indication of enjoyment. The conditions under which it was presented were, in most respects, identical with those under which it was lately produced at St. James's Hall, and consequently but brief notice of the performance is called for. The choruses were sung by the Novello Choir; Mr. A. C. Mackenzie conducted, and two of the solo parts were filled by artists who had already performed the same task both at Birmingham and in the metropolis. The new factors in the later presentation were the substitution of Mr. Barton McGuckin for Mr. Edward Lloyd in the part of the spectre lover (the music of which at the initial rendering of the work was undertaken by the late Mr. Joseph Maas), and the interpretation of the important orchestral accompaniments by the band of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. The performance generally was highly creditable, and in some respects a distinct advance on the antecedent one. Increased familiarity with the score on the part of the choir, brought about a steadier and more delicate delivery of the choral movements, while the imaginative and picturesque orchestration, especially throughout the exciting scene of the appalling thirty-mile-journey of the bride and her spectre lover, was finely realized by the excellent body of instrumentalists. Mr. Barton McGuckin's style was not altogether adapted to the music given to the Spectre—in which, by the way, there is little attempt at characterization—but it was accurately and carefully sung. Mr. Santley once more declaimed the narrative passages given to the principal bass, with all the requisite vigour and artistic intelligence; and the soprano music was given by Madame Albani with great charm and purity throughout; her expressive rendering of "Where art thou, father dear?" and her touching delivery of "O, Virgin Mother, gracious be," proving again special features of the performance. The cantata was preceded by the same composer's Patriotic Hymn, first introduced last season at one of the Philharmonic Society's Concerts.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

A performance was given by this Society of Gounod's *Mors et Vita* on Friday evening last week, at St. James's Hall. The programme attracted a fairly numerous, and, at times, sympathetic, audience. The rendering was upon the whole satisfactory, without being marked by any special feature of excellence. The vocalists were, Mrs. Hutchinson, who has seldom been heard to greater advantage, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The choral singing was wanting in light and shade, although in the main correct; and the orchestral portion was creditably executed under the direction of Mr. W. H. Cummings.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERT.

At the tenth concert of the season, given at St. James's Hall, last Wednesday afternoon, a feature of special interest was the devotion of the first part of the programme to songs by Sir Arthur Sullivan. A crowded audience gave cordial welcome to each well-known favourite as it was presented, and special favour was accorded to the trio from *The Mikado*, "Three little maids from school," which was loudly re-demanded. The vocal treatment of the trio by Miss Mary Davies, Mdlle. Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Eleanor Rees, was of course of a higher character than that to be witnessed at the Savoy Theatre. On the other hand, the absence of stage surroundings was severely felt by the more discriminative. The apology made for Miss Eleanor Rees, on the ground of indisposition, appeared to be in no way necessitated by the manner in which she co-operated in the piece. Mr. Santley declaimed in an effective manner "Thou'rt passing hence," and Mr. Edward Lloyd sang "The Distant Shore" with pathetic expression. Mme. Antoinette Sterling sang, as only she can sing, "The Lost Chord;" and the other vocalists were Miss Agnes Larkcom, Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli, and Mr. Barrington Foote. Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist, and gave pieces by Schumann, Chopin, and Raff. Signor Bottesini played on the double-bass.

MR. GUSTAV ERNEST'S CONCERT.

The second of these concerts took place in Princes' Hall on the 11th inst. With Mr. Ernest were associated M. Tivadar Nachez, a violinist of great skill and an unusual degree of *verve*, and M. Jules de Swert. The concerted works were Raff's trio in C minor, Op. 100, a production, of which the ugliness is redeemed by no features of interest, and of which the choice cannot be commended; and Schumann's Trio in F, Op. 80, which came last in the programme, and so could scarcely make its right effect on the audience. The violin soli were three in number: Bach's great Chaconne, played in a very creditable manner, but without much individuality of style; a not unpleasing "Mélodie" by Rubinstein; and Vieuxtemps's brilliant Polonaise, which suited the powers of the performer better than either of the other soli, exhibiting his certainty of attack and his excellence of tone to perfection. The pianist and giver of the concert played Liszt's arrangement of the "Erlkönig," a very graceful Romance of his own, and an effective Ballade by Reinecke. All were executed with intelligence and absolute accuracy. M. de Swert played some of the most familiar selections from Bach and an arrangement of his own of that "Moment musical" by Schubert which is sometimes called "All' Ungarese." The last was repeated in answer to an encore. More interest than usual attached to the songs sung by Miss Clara Myers and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Schumann's setting of "Kennst du das Land" is, perhaps, less often heard than any other musical version of the words, but it is for that reason all the more acceptable. The first-named vocalist sang this and a somewhat dull "dramatic scena" by Mr. Gustav Ernest with considerable intelligence, but was evidently suffering from no small degree of nervousness. Mr. Lloyd's songs were the exquisite Romance from *Euryanthe*, followed by Schubert's "Ständchen" as an encore; and the prize song from *Die Meistersinger*. The concert, though considerably too long, was sufficiently interesting.

MR. ANTON HARTVIGSON'S RECITAL.

Mr. Anton Hartvigson gave a well-attended pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall, on Wednesday afternoon. As is usual on such occasions, the programme ranged over a wide field of music, from Beethoven to Chopin and Liszt. The last-named composer seemed most congenial to Mr. Hartvigson, the brilliant Tarantella and the Etude in D flat showing a happy combination of intelligent reading and executive skill. But in Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3, also, he palyed with earnestness and proved himself to be a conscientious and efficient interpreter of that master. The pianist further gave Mendelssohn's Scherzo à Capriccio in F sharp minor, John Seb. Bach's Fantasia in C minor, and selections from Schumann's "Phantasiestücke," Op. 12.

MR. CHARLES WADE'S CONCERTS.

The second concert of this series, given on Tuesday evening in Princes' Hall, was not less interesting than the first—at least, as regards the vocal selection. If Mendelssohn's C minor and Haydn's G major trios are a little too well known to be always welcome, even when not played to perfection, there is no harm at all events in hearing them, and the songs made up in novelty what the trios lacked. Some of Dvorak's "Gipsy Songs," and Beethoven's "Adelaide" were sung by Mr. Wade, who was far better suited with the former than with the latter. Mrs. Hutchinson's songs were full of interest, and they were presented in a manner that lacked nothing of perfection. Lassen's "Der Schäfer putzte" is a far more agreeable song than many of the composer's works, and may be shortly described as one of the prettiest experiments in the way of a "vocal waltz" that has ever been made. Mr. Mackenzie has never written anything much better than "What does little birdie say?" though the difficulty of rendering it with proper simplicity of style is not one that many singers could overcome. The two singers contributed to the chief attractions of the programme, the lovely duet, "Nuit d'extase," from *Les Troyens* of Berlioz, a love duet of purest quality and intensest passion, but one that is, strange to say, most rarely heard. Miss Fanny Davies, whose playing in both trios was in all respects excellent, was heard to perfection in Reinecke's Gavotte in E flat, and Schumann's beautiful Novelletto in D, another composition that is too seldom brought before the public. M. Tivadar Nachez was the violinist. M. Hollmann's contributed the familiar finale from a concerto by Goltermann, played with considerable skill,

MR. E. F. BUELS' CONCERT.

Mr. E. F. Buels gave an evening concert on Wednesday, the 17th inst., at the Princes' Hall, when he was assisted by Mesdames Ambler, Eveleen Carlton, E. Umpelby, and Messrs. Boulcott Newth and Percy Palmer as vocalists. The instrumental portion of the concert was fairly executed by M. Szczepanowski, violin, Mr. W. Buels, violoncello, and Miss M. Buels and Mr. Edward Lane at the pianoforte. It will be seen that the relations of the concert-giver formed a fair percentage of the talent presented, and as the result of their various performances was in every way satisfactory, no one had cause to complain. Mr. E. F. Buels, who possesses a powerful and well-developed bass voice, sang with much effect recit. and aria, "Infelice," from *Ernani*; recit. and aria, "I rage, I melt, I burn," "O, ruddier than the cherry;" and Pinsuti's "Bedouin Love Song," in each case eliciting a hearty recall from an unusually demonstrative audience. Among the other successful pieces were Miss Helen D'Alton's rendering of a song, "Unless," by Caldicott, and M. Szczepanowski's violin soli—*a. Cavatina, b. Introduction and Gavotte (Ries)*. We must not omit to mention the recitations of Mr. John L. Child, who, with the accompanist, Mr. A. S. Mantell, contributed in no small degree to the success of the concert.

ENGLISH OPERA AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The operatic class of the Royal Academy of Music gave a morning performance at the Haymarket Theatre yesterday, when a numerous audience attended. This class has been in existence for two years, but had on no previous occasion exhibited its performances before a general audience, so that the craving for premature publicity, so common in these days, cannot at least be laid to the charge of the young artists. Signori Gustave Garcia and Ettore Fiori have been from the beginning respectively the musical and the dramatic director of the class, and the performance took place under their immediate superintendence, Signor Garcia acting as "dramatic director," and Signor Fiori as conductor. The work selected was the comic opera *Jessy Lea*, written by the late Mr. John Oxenford and set to music by Sir George Macfarren more than twenty years ago. Byreviving the long-forgotten effort of their Principal the students evinced the respect due from the taught to the teacher, and at the same time gave rise, unconsciously perhaps, to an interesting historic parallel. In no other art has the last quarter of a century effected so vital a change as in opera, more especially in English opera. *Jessy Lea* marks a comparatively early stage of the phase of dramatic music generally so denominated. English, as distinguished from grand, opera, twenty or thirty years ago meant, in most cases, little reason and a good deal of rhyme—a plot carried on in a few lines of prose-dialogue, which served as a scanty thread between a number of miscellaneous songs and ballads and a few ensembles. The *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* are the two chief ballad operas—as also they were called—which have kept their place on the stage, and every new attempt to galvanize a work of a similar class only tends to show that they were the fittest to survive. Mr. Oxenford's libretto is not unskillfully designed for the purpose above referred to. His versification is fluent, and the story is condensed within the narrowest space. Briefly it amounts to this:—*Jessy Lea*, a village maiden, is loved by Gilbert Ashford, a young peasant and tenor, but prefers the dashing tar Hugh Tempest, to her timid adorer. In his trouble Gilbert has recourse to a gipsy, who supplies him with a love philtre. The mysterious potion is in reality good old port, and imbibing this Gilbert acquires sufficient audacity to fight his proud sweetheart with her own weapons, and even to begin a flirtation with the gipsy. The effect on *Jessy Lea* is instantaneous. Stung by jealousy, she proclaims her secret love for Gilbert and throws over the sailor without a moment's hesitation. To enumerate the various ballads and sentimental ditties with which the story is interspersed would be needless, seeing that one very much resembles the other. Sir George Macfarren is one of the most learned musicians of the age, and his firm grasp of the technicalities of his art is perceptible even in his lightest strains. In this respect he is vastly superior to both Balfe and Wallace; on the other hand, he lacks the easy flow of melody to which the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* owe their vitality, and which in this class of composition is certainly more valuable than any amount of counterpoint. Among the most successful pieces we may mention the duet between tenor and mezzo-soprano, which contains a fine concerted passage to the words "How highly is the lover blessed" and dies away in a whisper. Pretty and melodious also is the song "When youthful joys," assigned to *Jessy Lea*. This and the *finale* of the first act are perhaps the best numbers of the score. In another instance the composer seems to have missed his opportunity. This is the quarrelling duet between the rival beauties. If one thinks of what Mozart has made of a similar situation in *Le Nozze di Figaro* this music seems pointless indeed. In one respect Sir George Macfarren's opera differs from most of its models. Like Halévy in his charming *L'Eclair*, he has dispensed

with a chorus. Of the four artists employed Miss Susanna Fenn showed most aptitude for the stage. She was a sprightly gipsy girl, with bright eyes and a winning though somewhat stereotyped smile; her voice also is of sympathetic quality and well produced. Mr. Lawrence Kellie's (Gilbert Ashford) organ has scarcely yet developed into a genuine tenor, but it promises to be sonorous and agreeable. Mr. M. Tufnail did fairly well in the very conventional character of Hugh Tempest, and Mrs. Wilson-Osman as *Jessy Lea*, although unequal to the florid passages with which her part is studded, sang the ballad already referred to in a natural and appropriate manner. The distinctness with which all the members of the operatic class pronounce the words does credit to their teacher. How the work and the performance might have struck a miscellaneous public is matter for conjecture; the sympathetic audience assembled at the Haymarket Theatre received everything with unqualified approval.—*The Times*.

Prospective Arrangements at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

ST. PAUL'S.

SATURDAY, February 20.—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Bridge), in G; Anthem, "In Heavens, O Jehovah" (Spohr), No. 909. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (F. E. Gladstone), in F; Anthem, "The glory of the Lord" (Goss), No. 433.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, February 20.—10 a.m.: Service, Walmisley in C; Anthem, No. 161 (Ps. cxiv. 1), Childe, "If the Lord Himself," 3 p.m.: Service, Walmisley in C; Anthem, No. 206, partly (Ps. iii.), Purcell "O Lord (Jehovah) how many are they."

SUNDAY, February 14 (*Septuagesima*).—10 a.m.: Benedicite (Keeton), Jub. and Contn. (Calkin); Hymn after Third Collect, No. 95. 3 p.m.: Service, Cooke in C; Anthem, No. 255 (Gen. i. 1), Haydn, "In the beginning" "The heavens are telling"; Hymn after Third Collect, No. 102.

Notes and News.

LONDON.

A public performance of two exercises for the degree of Doctor of Music will be given in the theatre of the University of London, to-day (Saturday), commencing at three o'clock.

The forty-second smoking concert of the South London Musical Club took place on Tuesday, the 9th inst., in the Gresham Hall, Brixton. Part songs and choruses were very ably rendered by a large choir of the members under the direction of Mr. Chas. Stevens, who has occupied the position of musical director since the formation of the club, in 1875. Special mention may be made of Mendelssohn's double chorus in "Edipus Colonus," "Thou comest here to the land," &c. Pianoforte soli were played by Mr. Charles F. Reddie, a young and promising player. Songs rendered by Messrs Spurling, Garratt, and Pompe, assisted in completing a most enjoyable evening.

Mr. Ludwig, the excellent baritone, who was for many years a member of the Carl Rosa troupe, sailed from Liverpool, on Saturday, for New York, to join the American Opera Company, which is now performing at the Academy of Music.

It is stated that Her Majesty's Theatre will open on Saturday, February 27, with a company selected in Italy and France. Well-known operas will be given, including *Il Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Rigoletto*, *Lucia*, *Barbiere*, *Traviata*, *Ernani*, *Fra Diavolo*, also *La Gioconda*. Popular prices will be charged. Mesdames Savelli Dalti, Appi Potentini, Signori Delilliers, Mascheroni, Genoes Fernando, Gualterio Bolton, Tamberlik, and Brenelli are engaged.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., author of "Music and Morals," preached on "Music and the Soul," at his second Sunday Evening for the People, at St. James's, Marylebone. An oratorio selection was given in place of the anthem, and Andrew McCullum's paintings of English scenery were on view in the vestry.

Senor Sarasate had the honour of performing on the violin before Her Majesty last week. Mr. W. G. Cusins and M. Goldschmidt accompanied on the piano. Programme: Andante and Rondo from Concerto (Mendelssohn), Nocturne (Chopin), Habanera, Dances Espagnoles (Sarasate), Romance (Svendsen), Mazurka (Zarzycki); Andante and variations from the Kreutzer sonata; violin, Senor Sarasate.

The Cercolo Lettarario Artistico Musicale Bellini, of Catania, Sicily, has elected Mr. John Brinsmead and Mr. Edgar Brinsmead, of London, honorary members of the society.

The twelfth annual Ballad Concert in aid of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park, took place at the Shoreditch Town Hall on Tuesday last week, under the direction of Mr. Ganz. The following artists were engaged: Madame Clara Perry, Miss Kate Flynn, Madame Patey, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Donnell Balfe, Mr. Walter Clifford, Mdle. Anna Lang (solo violin) Mr. W. Ganz (solo pianoforte and conductor). The chief attraction of the concert was the singing by Madame Patey of Gounod's "The Golden Thread." She also gave two new songs, "The Fisherwife's Vigil" by F. Bevan, and "Pins and Needles" (words by Weatherly) by F. N. Löhr, which she was compelled to repeat. Madame Clara Perry was successful in well-known songs by Cowen and Ganz; and Miss Kate Flynn contributed favorite ballads. Mr. Ben Davies is a great acquisition to the concert room, and made a very favourable impression in Balfe's "When other lips" and "The Bay of Biscay." Messrs. Walter Clifford and Donnell Balfe contributed songs by Gounod, Pissuti, and Poniatowski. Mdle. Anna Lang highly distinguished herself in her violin soli by Léonard and Hauser; and played in conjunction with Mr. Ganz, Grieg's melodious Sonata in F major, Op. 8. The hall was crowded, and the receipts will materially benefit the hospital, which received over 120 guineas from the same source last year.

We have been furnished with a complete list of the orchestra which Mr. Franke has engaged for his Richter Concerts, for the whole of the year 1886. The number of concerts will be twenty-four, viz: nine in London and six in the provinces in the summer, and three in London and six in the provinces in the autumn. The orchestra appears to be a specially strong one, consisting mostly of well-known resident professors.

Neither Saturday nor Monday's Popular Concert presented any feature of importance, with the exception of the appearance at the latter of Mdle. Kleeborg, the French pianist. To hear this young lady play the Waldstein Sonata is a treat, so rarely enjoyed at our concerts, because originality is so scarce a commodity in modern times. Her rendering combines the freshness of youth with the experience of long art-practice. She is an excellent player. Mr. Gompertz took the leading violin part, and Mr. Howell did valiant service at the violoncello.

A short operetta entitled *The Carp* serves as *lever de rideau* at the Savoy Theatre. The words by Mr. Desprez and the music by Mr. Alfred Cellier suit each other, and they suit their common purpose, being light and pretty, and well adapted to prepare the audience for *The Mikado*, which continues to draw numerous audiences.

We understand that Liszt has been pestered by indiscreet, though perhaps well intentioned persons, with requests to appear in public during his English trip in April. The following evidently "inspired" disclaimer appears in the *Times* of Thursday:—We are requested to state that Franz Liszt during his forthcoming visit to England can entertain no proposal for playing in public. He writes: "I wish it to be understood that I come to London merely as a guest;" and with the modesty characteristic of the greatest pianist the century has seen, he adds: "My fingers are seventy-five years old, and Bülow, St. Saëns, Rubinstein, and Walter Bache, play my compositions much better than my delapidated self."

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. Kuhe's first subscription concert took place last week, before a good audience. One of the most noticeable features of the concert was Bottesini's extraordinary performance; the way in which he manipulates his strings and executes what may be fairly called acrobatic passages on his unwieldy instrument, is something to see and hear. Another interesting feature was the re-appearance of Miss Robertson, after her retirement from the concert platform for two years; she has distinctly gained in style, and her reception was very favourable. M. de Pachmann played with his usual refinement and finish the Nocturne in D flat, by Chopin, and his favourite "Si oiseau j'étais," by Henselt; the latter being encored, he substituted the Study on the black keys, by Chopin. Miss M. MacIntyre, a resident of Brighton, made her *début* in the professional world on this occasion, with a very fair measure of success. Mr. Sims Reeves contributed two novelties to the concert, in the shape of patriotic songs, but the audience preferred him in "Adelaide." Mr. E. Birch and Miss Hope Glenn also appeared, the fine contralto of the latter being much appreciated. Mr. Santley gave in his best style Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence." Less welcome was a comic song, "M'hm." Mr. W. Ganz accompanied the programme in the artistic manner he invariably exhibits.

BRISTOL.—On Monday evening, Miss Faeler—an esteemed local professor—gave her annual concert. The artists engaged were Madame Trebelli, Miss Carlotta Elliot, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Maybrick, vocalists; Mons. Hollman the violoncellist and the celebrated pianist, Pachmann. The instrumentalists just mentioned made their first appearance in Bristol. Mons. de Pachmann in excerpts from Mendelssohn, Raff, Henselt, and Chopin, here repeated triumphs which he has won wherever he has appeared. Of the vocal quartet it would be superfluous to speak, seeing the prominent and well-defined position they individually

occupy in the musical world. The *bénéficiaire* was heard to advantage in Blumenthal's "Sunshine and Rain," and in a simple, though taking ballad, entitled "Drifting On," by Jules de Sivrai, the *nom de plume* of the accomplished wife of the well-known song writer J. L. Roeckel. Artistically, and judging from the crowded state of the Colston Hall, financially, also, the concert was a great success.—Mr. George Riseley has been reinstated as Cathedral organist, and thus ends a very inharmonious musical setting of "Much Ado About Nothing."

EDINBURGH.—The twelfth series of the local Choral Union Concerts had an ending which, if not actually weak, may at least be termed in the prosodial sense "feminine." From the alternative character—choral and orchestral—of the programmes a double finish was inevitable; but the stronger accent fell upon the penultimate concert which introduced Dvorak's *Spectre's Bride*, with Mozart's Symphony in G, and the *Leonora* (No. 3) overture by way of orchestral pendants. The Dvorak cantata had a very respectable provincial rendering under Mr. Collinson's bâton, with Miss Thudichum, Mr. Winch, and Mr. D'Egville as soloists, though the performance was rather painstaking than impassioned, and its reception less enthusiastic than might have been anticipated. In the final concert Schubert's Symphony in C major was the strong feature, a first performance here of Corder's *Prospero* overture finding evident favour among the less important items of the programme. Mdle. Kleeborg's lucid and dainty pianoforte work was heard to more advantage in such numbers as the Handel Gigue than in the Fifth Concerto of Beethoven. In the hurried exit from the concert-room, Mr. Manns's services scarcely received the recognition they deserved. As yet, however, the absence of his orchestra has scarcely been realized, as the annual Orchestral Festival commenced on the 13th inst, and after its three long concerts the indifference of surfeit has set in. The Festival has its origin in a sensible bequest by General Reid for the organization of an annual concert, to keep him in perpetual memory. For some years, under Professor Oakeley's administration, it has been a field-day for Mr. Hallé's band, and an antecedent and a subsequent concert have been added to make the visit satisfactory. In general scheme the concerts offer only a slight modification of the ordinary orchestral programmes, and by many the spirit of Mr. Manns's readings is held to compensate for occasional defects in tone and *ensemble* as compared with the more perfect co-operation of Mr. Hallé's executants, and the superior quality of their instruments. This year the programmes included eight overtures:—Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, Beethoven's *Leonora* (No. 3) and *Coriolanus*, Weber's *Euryanthe*, Rossini's *Semiramide*, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Gade's *Hamlet*, and Wagner's *Rienzi*. Of these the *Leonora* has been heard thrice recently, and opportunity was afforded for a comparison of the readings of Dr. Richter, Mr. Manns, and Mr. Hallé. Of the three symphonies given—Mendelssohn's "Scotch," Beethoven's "No. 8," and Mozart's "Serenade in D," the last only was unfamiliar. Its length and the fact that it places the composer in no new or important light, are generally held to be sufficient reasons why this first should also be its last performance. Mr. Hallé and the orchestra were heard together in Dvorak's unequal and loosely constructed Concerto in G minor, and in a selection from Raff's Suite in E flat. Other numbers of interest were the Rakoczmarsch from Berlioz's *Faust*, Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise (No. 3), and Dvorak's *Légendes* (Nos. 6 and 7). Some comparisons were made between the Berlioz March and the Liszt setting of the same air, played here some seasons back, with a verdict in favour of Berlioz. Mr. Hallé has been blamed for introducing trivialities like the Liebeslied from Taubert's *Tempest* into his programmes, and there was inevitable war over his pianoforte work. It is interesting to compare notices in the local press of so opposite a character as the following:—"It is unnecessary, at this time of day, to bear testimony to Mr. Hallé's exceptional competence as an interpreter of Chopin." "Mr. Hallé never has played and never will play Chopin; and he is unwise when he departs from the pleasant morsels of the older school, of which he is so finished an exponent." Whatever may be correct in the general statement, it is certain that the Polonaise in A flat was ineffectively rendered near the close of a too prolonged concert. Madame Neruda played with her wonted ability in half a dozen pieces of which the most noteworthy were Rode's Seventh Violin Concerto, and Wieniawski's weird *Légende* in G minor. Mdle. Trebelli and Mr. Piercy shared the vocal numbers between them, to the full satisfaction of the audiences.

GLASGOW.—The Choral Union series of concerts closed last week with two performances of Dvorak's *Spectre's Bride*, a work which has been received with favour both by the public and the press, and which, at the second and last performance, was very satisfactorily rendered. Mr. Manns's orchestra was, as a matter of course, reliable and efficient, and to those accustomed to the performances of the Glasgow choir, it was also a matter of course to find the choral parts of the works performed with less accuracy, less precision of attack and, above all, with less intelligent understanding of dramatic effect than might be wished. These "distinguishing features" of the Glasgow chorus are attributed by

some to inadequate training, by others, to faulty regulation, as regards attendance at rehearsals. Be this as it may, the Glasgow chorus has such good material, such freshness and vigour of tone, that properly trained and weeded, it ought to do better choral work than has ever yet been heard in Glasgow. The soli in Dvorak's Cantata were sung by Miss Annie Marriott, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Bridson. Mr. Bridson sang admirably, but Mr. Winch suffered from cold, and Miss Marriott, though an intelligent singer, is certainly not a sympathetic representative of the hapless bride. At the close of the concert on Saturday, Mr. Manns received an enthusiastic ovation from the audience which, considering the service he has rendered to music in Scotland, he thoroughly deserved. Mr. Manns has again this season spared no pains to keep the orchestral performances on a high level of excellence, but it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that his efforts are impeded by the amount of work exacted from the orchestra during its stay in Scotland. Mr. Manns does not tolerate insufficient preparation, but with the best will in the world he cannot prevent signs of weariness, exhaustion, and worst of all, of indifference from creeping into the performances at times. As a body, the strings were this year very efficient, but the quality of tone would have been even better, had the orchestra not included one or two raw and careless players. The wind instruments were less satisfactory, and on them the burden of over work was certain to tell most quickly. The announcements complacently made on the final page of the programme, of the number of concerts given under the auspices of the Choral Union since the 9th of December last, explains much. Between that date and February 14, some forty-four concerts have taken place, at every one of which the orchestra appeared, and a large number of new and important works have been produced. The orchestra travelled twice to Leeds and back, eleven times to Edinburgh, three times to Greenock, twice to Paisley, and once to Dundee. This is musical commercial enterprise with a vengeance. Clearly the Glasgow Choral Union has known how to exact from the orchestra the uttermost farthing. Unfortunately that "uttermost farthing" brings with it the danger of inferior work. If our country seriously means to pose as it seems so anxious to do, as the first artistic country in the world, the sooner the observance in musical matters of such strict business principles is relaxed the better.—On Friday night last week a concert was given in the Bute Hall by the University Orchestral and Choral Societies, at which Herr Hermann Ritter, the viola player, gave his assistance. A Symphony by Haydn, and a Quartet by Mozart were performed, but the interest of the concert centred in the solo performance of Herr Ritter, who played a Sonata by Nardini, an Adagio by Spohr, and some old Gaelic airs arranged for his instrument by himself with remarkable effect. On Wednesday, February 10, a concert was given by distinguished amateurs, in the Burgh Hall, for the benefit of the unemployed relief fund. The concert was highly successful, both from an artistic and pecuniary point of view. The amount, handed over to the fund being close upon £100.—On Saturday evening, February 13, Miss Melnotte's "A" company in "Erminie," concluded a very successful engagement at the Royalty Theatre.

LEEDS.—In reply to the letter recently sent by the Mayor, as Chairman of the Musical Festival Committee, inviting the Duke of Connaught to become President of the Festival, His Royal Highness has expressed regret at his inability to do so, as he will leave England for India some time in June this year.—The fifth Leeds popular concert of the season—for which the services were obtained of Mr. Charles Hallé, pianoforte; Madame Norman-Neruda, violin; M. Vieuxtemps, violoncello; and Miss Clara Samuël, vocalist—attracted a large audience and passed off very successfully. The programme comprised Beethoven's Trio in D, Op. 70, No. 1, and the Kreutzer Sonata; the Adagio in F major from Spohr's 9th violin Concerto, which was finely rendered by Madame Norman-Neruda; Schubert's Fantasia-Sonata in G, Op. 78; and Sarabande and Gavotte for Violoncello, by Popper. Miss Samuël's rendering of songs by Dussek, Taubert, and Bache, was much appreciated; and Mr. Broughton was an efficient accompanist.—Arrangements have been made for an extra performance on Wednesday, April 28, when there will be an orchestra of eighty-five conducted by Dr. Hans Richter, and a chorus of 300, consisting of members of the Leeds Philharmonic Society, who will be trained by Mr. Alfred Broughton.

MANCHESTER.—At Mr. Charles Hallé's concert last week, Madame Norman-Neruda was the solo violinist and played Mendelssohn's Concerto, and the Adagio from Spohr's Ninth Concerto. Beethoven's Septet was also performed by Madame Neruda, Messrs. Straus, Grosse, Paersch, Hutchins, Vieuxtemps, and Prokatzky. It is ten years since the Septet was heard at these concerts,—surely a rather long interval. Berlioz's *King Lear* overture was performed for the first time. Mr. Piercey was the vocalist.—The last of the Gentlemen's Concerts was remarkable for the fact that the performers were all amateurs and the works rendered were the compositions of Englishmen. As these concerts were originally carried on by amateurs (witness their title) in the days when Mr. Hallé's band was not, the recent performance is only a partial return to the old custom. The Fallowfield Choral Society and the

band of the Amateur Dramatic Society, both local undertakings under the same conductor, Mr. C. J. Hall, divided the work between them. Sir Arthur Sullivan's masque *Kenilworth*, Dr. Bridge's *Rock of Ages*, and Mr. Ebenezer Prout's new symphony formed the programme. The band grappled courageously with the difficulties of the symphony. The chorus, for their part, amply maintained the reputation of the county for melodious voices and tuneful singing.—The chief attraction at Mr. de Jong's concert, last Saturday, was Signor Bottesini, whose playing was warmly received.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—Last Sunday, M. Lamoureux made another attempt to introduce Wagner's music to the Parisian public, and encouraged by the success that attended former efforts, he now gave the whole of the first act of the *Valkyrie*, with the exception of one scene. His boldness was fully justified by the result. Much as Wagner's music naturally loses by the absence of scenic accessories, too much; perhaps, has been made of the inadequacy of a well performed orchestral selection, with the co-operation of capable singers, to convey an idea of the dramatic and musical effects aimed at by the author. Judging from the applause which Sunday's selection was attended, the Parisian public seemed to be of the same opinion. Under the conductorship of M. Lamoureux the demands of the orchestral portion were ably and successfully met; while Madame Brunet Lafleur showed herself fully equal to the trying part of Sieglinde, and M. van Dyck gave a creditable rendering of that of Siegmund. The French version was by M. Victor Wilder.—In consequence of the withdrawal of *Lohengrin*, we have the promise of several novelties at the Opéra Comique; among them the new opera, *Maitre Ambros*, by Widor, is looked forward to with considerable curiosity, and the composer being already well known as a song-writer, his success in the dramatic field is anticipated with some confidence. *Le Roi La dit*, by Delibes, is also in active preparation. But the most important announcement of all is, that M. Carvalho has decided to produce Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, in which Mdlle. Merguillar, and MM. Talazac and Fugère will be entrusted with the principal parts.—The total receipts of Madame Patti's three concerts at the Eden Theatre, amounted to 108,220 francs.—The rehearsals of Francois-Victor Hugo's French translation of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" will commence at once at the Odéon. With Mendelssohn's music, and exceptionally picturesque mounting, this production, it is expected, will be one of more than ordinary artistic interest.—M. Léon Pillault, the well known musical critic, succeeds the late M. Chouquet as Custodian of the Instrumental Museum at the Conservatoire.—The latest work of the Hungarian painter Munkacsy, now on exhibition at the Sedemeyer Gallery, treats of a subject which cannot fail to render it especially interesting to all lovers of music. The scene, sufficiently indicated by the title of this picture, "The last moments of Mozart," will readily shape itself in the mind of every musician: the homely room, the harpsichord, the child six or seven years of age, the mother weary with long watching, the anxious faces of the doctor and surrounding friends, the singers telling of immortality in the strains of the immortal requiem, and the central figure of the dying composer, half recumbent on an easy chair and stretching out his thin hand as if by a last effort to give directions to the singers, all these obtain realistic representation in the picture, which covers a canvas eight feet in height and eleven in width.

BRUSSELS, February 16.—Berlioz's oratorio, *The Childhood of Christ*, is to be performed at the second popular concert, which takes place next Sunday, under the direction of M. Joseph Dupont at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The work has not been heard in Belgium since 1855, when three performances were conducted by Berlioz himself. The promised revival has excited considerable interest in musical circles here. The soloists will be Madame Moriani, MM. Engel, Dabrelle, and Heuschling.—The management of the same theatre intends reviving *Lohengrin* at the end of the season, with Madame Montalba, Mdlle. Wolff, MM. Engel, Dubrelle, and Berardi. Meanwhile, a change is to be made in a few days in the cast of *Les Templiers*, when Mdlle. Thuringer will undertake the rôle of Isabelle, in order to spare Madame Montalba undue fatigue.—The rehearsals of *Saint Mégrin*, the opera of the Brothers Hillemaier, are actively progressing, and the first representation will probably take place on the 25th of this month.—The annual concert at the Palais des Beaux Arts, organized by the English colony in Brussels for the benefit of the poor, passed off brilliantly with the assistance of Mdlles. Mary Lemmens-Sherrington, Douilly, and Evelyn Ponsonby, and MM. Joseph Winiawski and Jenő Hubay.—M. Auguste Dupont has just published the second volume of his *Répertoire dramatique belge* (Liège, Vaillant-Carmagne), which gives an account of all the unpublished dramatic works produced in the Belgian theatres for more than half a century.

BERLIN, February 15.—The following is a summary of recent musical events. On Tuesday the 6th a performance of the *Wedding of Comacho*. This work was composed in 1824-25, when Mendelssohn was

between fifteen and sixteen years old; it had only been given in public once before, viz., on April 29, 1827. The revival, however, has not created any great interest.—On the same day a successful concert was given by Ignaz Brüll and Max Friedländer.—On Wednesday Messrs. Joachim, de Ahna Wirth, and Hausmann, gave their sixth quartet concert, the programme including Beethoven's Op. 127 in E flat minor, and Haydn's Op. 64 in B.—On Saturday last, Fräulein Hermine Spies gave a concert, assisted by Herren Mannstädt and Ondricek (violinist).—The "Harmonium Virtuoso," B. J. Hlavac of St. Petersburg, announces a concert for Wednesday the 17th.—Max Bruch's *Achellens* was again given with great success at Breslau on the 9th inst., in the presence of 2,500 persons. The Bilse Concerts continue.

NEW YORK, February 5.—The important operatic event of the week is the production to-night of *Rienzi* at the Metropolitan Opera House. From the exceptionally strong cast, this revival, the last of the brilliant series given this season, by the German Opera Company is anticipated with more than ordinary interest. The *Meistersinger* was performed on Friday the 29th ult., with the same cast as before; and on Monday the 1st, *Faust* was given with great success, with Fraulein Lehmann, Marguerite; Herr Alvary, Faust; Herr Fischer, Mephistopheles; and Mr. Robinson, Valentine.—The *Magic Flute* gains in favour with the New York public, and was repeated by the American Opera Company, on Saturday and Monday last, with Miss Juch and L'Allemand, and Mr. Witney in the principal parts.

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